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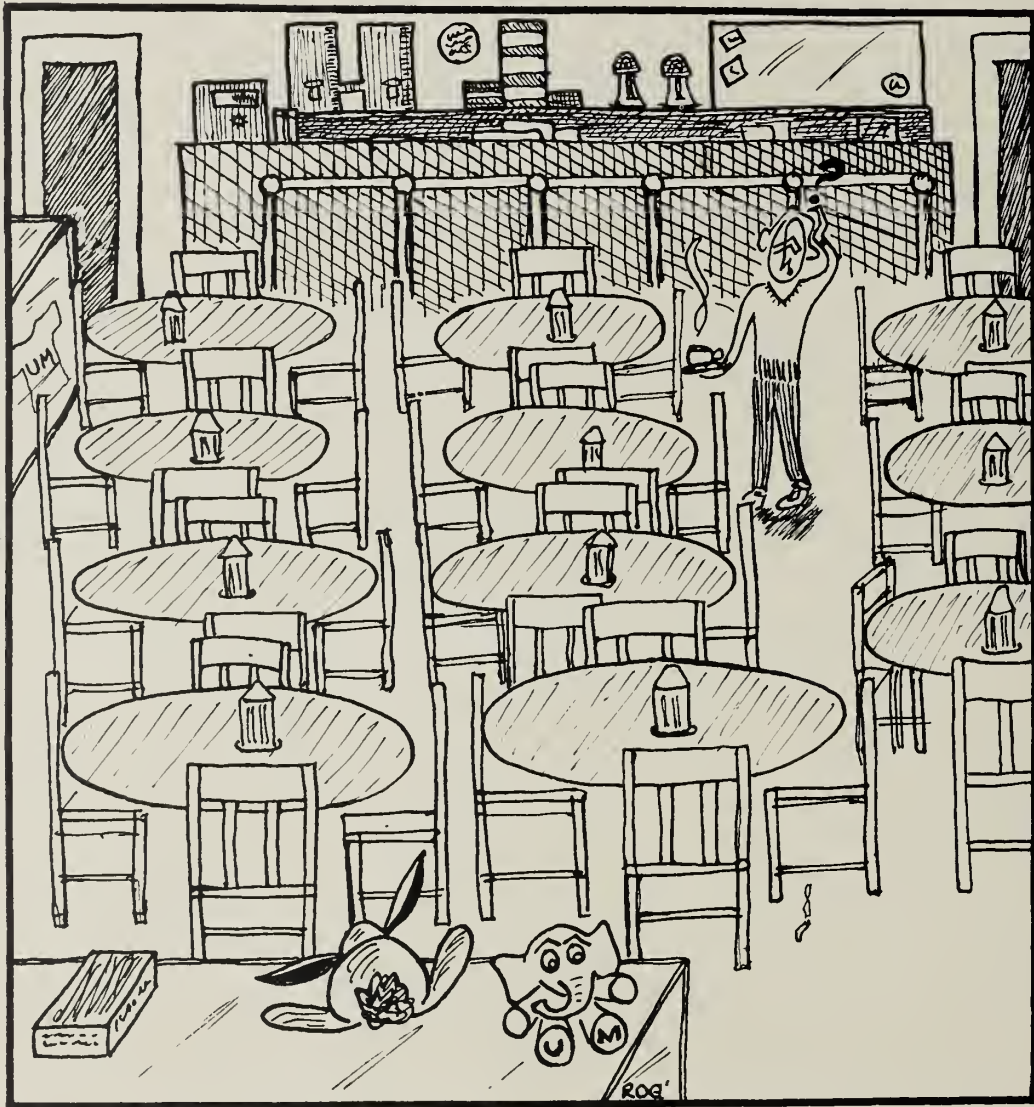
FALL

YAHOO



THE UNIVERSITY STORE ON CAMPUS

Where everyone meets



University of Massachusetts

YA-HOO



VOL. 3

NO. 1

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YA-HOO QUEEN

Your campus humor magazine, ever searching for ways to keep its readers happy, has come up with what seems to be a fool-proof system of doing just that . . . at least with respect to half the campus. The *Ya-Hoo* Queen, fast becoming an institution here at Umieland, has established a reputation for excellence that stands as a challenge to publications of all sorts throughout the nation. For this, we have to thank not only our photography staff (sometimes referred to as Tom Smith) but also the magnificent examples of young American womanhood that the other half of the campus provides. So it is with a feeling of pride that we once again present our magnificent example of the season, this time in the person of Miss Jennet Roberts, freshman.

Jennet comes to us by way of Greenfield and Greenfield High, where she was active in high school drama circles, where she spends her vacations and where she works summers. As far as sports are concerned, our young lady's interests run mainly to the spectator kind, but tennis and horseback-riding stand as exceptions. Music, too, helps to keep Jennet from spending *all* her time at the books, and we were happy to find that her tastes in this department run to modern and progressive, a real kindred spirit.

Being new to our campus, Jennet hasn't as yet had a chance to become involved in much in the way of campus activities, but with what she told us of her high school interests and with a few helpful suggestions from this office, we think you might be seeing her in Interclass Plays and in the R.D. productions eventually.

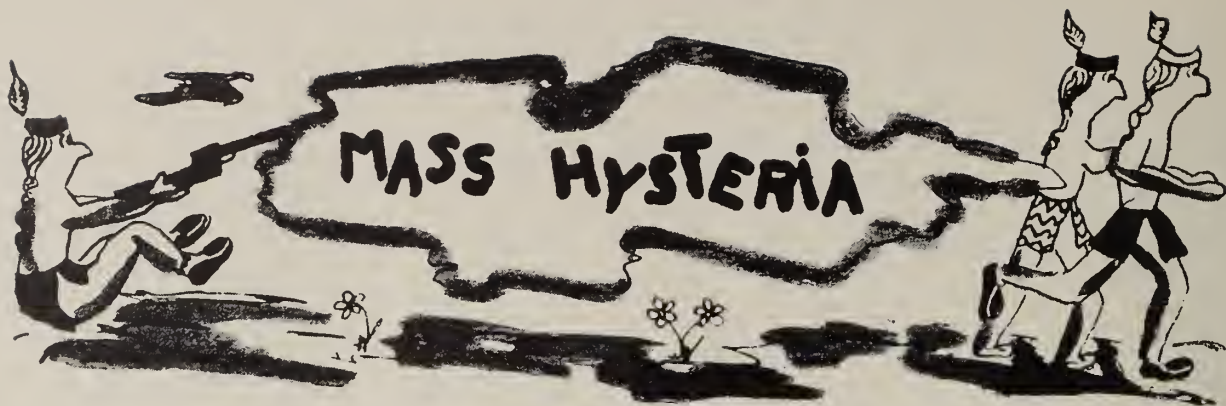
We always like to think we've discovered a new face, but in this case the military department was ahead of us. Jennet is one of the five finalists for Honorary Colonel, but even though we have no doubt she'll win, you can still say, as has been the case so often in the past, *you saw it first in Ya-Hoo*.



Ya-Hoo Queen

Photographs by

Tom Smith



YA-HOO CONGRATULATES . . .

Absorbed as we are with the joys of putting together a campus publication, we often lose sight of the fact that there are other activities going on around us. Sports, for example, seem to occupy a major portion of student thought, and while our fellow artists on *The Quarterly* would claim that this last is an abstraction completely divorced from the realm of reality, still a large amount of something is generated in this general direction and for the sake of argument we shall call it thought. Our Saturday afternoon seminars at the Drake have been accompanied by an unintelligible crackling on the radio on several occasions in the last few semesters, but the phenomenon was only momentarily distracting. Recent investigation proved it to be a UofM football game, though the reason for its being broadcast was never adequately explained. No one was ever seen listening to it. Still, the sport is, as has been stated, very much with us, and in keeping with our practice of being well-informed in campus affairs, your Editor selected Homecoming Weekend as being as good a time as any to reacquaint himself with the fortunes of Our Team.

We seem to have memories of our long-gone youth when football was an endeavor, similar to a game, in which some twenty healthy young men pushed each other all over a white-striped field in an effort to reach one end or the other. When this had been accomplished they began all over again. It always seemed to be a fruitless way to spend an afternoon, just going back and forth over those little white lines, and the enthusiasm it aroused was never clearly explained. We can remember asking about this mystery and getting answers like, "Who's this fairy?", and "Aren't you an American?", which are really just other questions, you see, and didn't go very far in solving our problem.

To get back to the Homecoming game, though, we arrived at the field some minutes after the play had started, and since the stands were almost completely filled with middle-aged enthusiasts, were forced to sit way at one end, near one of those wooden things. The first twenty minutes or so were spent in trying to get our date to pass the flask, but eventually discovering that she loosened her hold when the fellow behind us drooled on her, we settled down to an afternoon of what we expected to be profitless striving, and allowed our repose to be disturbed only when the teams started all over in the middle, and we were expected to stand up. It occurred to us, however, after the teams had changed directions and everything was happening at the other end of the field, that we were standing up much more often than we could ever remember doing before. In fact, we were standing up all the damn time!

It soon became evident, even to the unpracticed eye, that one of the teams was just fooling around, letting the other push it all over the field, and everyone, players, spectators, coaches, etc. were just laughing and having a good time. In fact, one of the coaches was laughing so hard there were tears streaming down his cheeks.

Well, that's the way it went all afternoon. Needless to say, we have never enjoyed a football game so much in our lives. This new innovation that seems to be peculiar to this school has made such a vast improvement in the game by taking it out of the realm of sports and putting it into that of humor that we shall never miss another, and by way of showing our appreciation for the work that must have gone into this, the staff and personnel of this magazine have unanimously nominated Charlie O'Rourke Yahoo-of-the-Month for the Fall Issue.

RECIPE OF THE MONTH

Your Editor is ever at his task of observing the habits of those species of wildlife peculiar to a college campus, and while the job is often a tedious one, it does have its compensations. One evening early this month our search took us, as it often does, to the cocktail lounge of a certain hotel on Amity Street where we happened upon George Humphrey, our printer. George is a jolly fellow who, we suspect, leads the good life, and our conversations usually turn into very technical discussions on the relative merits of this or that whisky, or something of that nature, with George doing most of the talking.

On this particular occasion he was describing something called an H-Bomb, saying that it was one of his favorite drinks but was definitely not for the novice. We believed him all right, but George, in the interest of science insisted that someone else try the thing. For a while it looked like the someone else was going to be Your Editor but just when things looked blackest Tom Smith happened into the room and was prevailed upon to drink it out of his friendship for us. The effect was noticeable, but not as bad as we had anticipated.

Anyway, Tom seemed to like it and we thought you might, so we're going to pass the information on to you. The H-Bomb is really very easy to make, having only two ingredients. Just take a highball glass and cover the bottom with an inch and a half of vodka, then sprinkle five shakes of black pepper on that, and you have it. Try it if you think you have the courage, but remember, it's not for beginners.

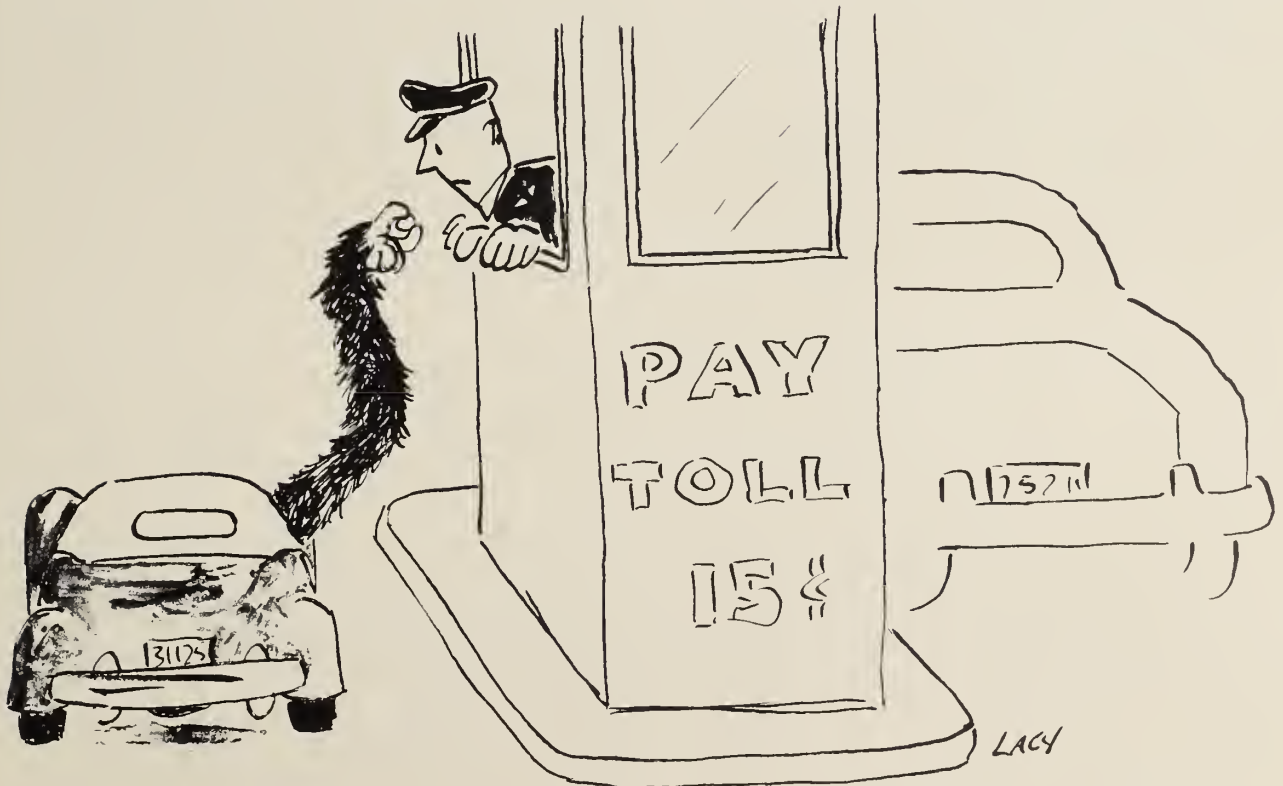
Oh, and if you're wondering what happened to old Tom, as we said it wasn't nearly as strong as we had figured, and we hope to have him back in time to take the queen pictures for next issue.

THIS MONTH'S COVER

To be completely serious for several seconds, we hope all of you have taken due notice of our cover. Most of you, we are sure, will be able to find people you know somewhere in the picture, and some of you will even find yourselves. Of course you won't be able to recognize every face, but if you're curious enough and we get enough requests, we'll publish a complete list of the names in the next issue. Someone suggested doing it in this issue but we felt that that was much too logical. Anyway, we hope you are pleased with it.

The staff is happy with the cover for another reason. This office receives humor magazines from almost thirty campuses throughout the country, some of them famous for the quality of work they do, yet we have never seen a cover that was in the same class with this one. For this reason we especially want to thank our art editor, who devoted a good part of the summer to it.

House of Walsh



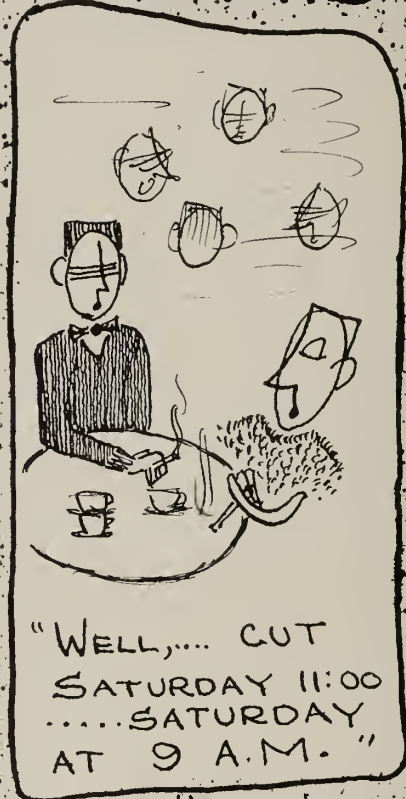
WHEN CAN YOU LEAVE FOR HOME?

Roger Millen

FROSH



SOPHS



JUNIORS



SRS.



ROG

HOBBY DEPARTMENT

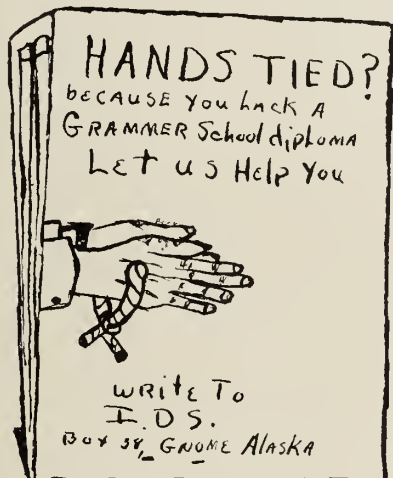
Are you sick of scraping paint off fire alarms with your teeth, bored with Russian Roulette, tired of burning crosses, palled with skin movies? Let *Ya-Hoo* introduce you to the scintillating romance of matchbook collecting. Below are but a few examples discovered by true devotees of this sky-rocketing hobby. You'll find books everywhere — in church pews, gutters, garbage pails, people's pockets — so get out there and rummage!



1) Renaissance example depicting the secular spirit in the world of art.



4) This is believed to be the book of matches carried by Van Gough the day he pulled what is commonly referred to as the "ear gag."



2) A rare book found among the rough drafts of H. L. Menken. Gimple Fiebish accredited with this remarkable find.



5) Interesting book found in Scollay Square by a U. Mass. geology field trip.



3) Early 20th century variety significant in graphic presentation of answer to prohibition.



6) A rare book found among the rough drafts of Gimple Fiebish. H. L. Menken accredited with this remarkable find.

JACK PASEVEN
CHARLEY TROY

"All the News
That's Fit to Print"

The New York Times

VOL. LVI... No. 36,721

NEW YORK, FRIDAY, ROSE

PILTDOWN MAN HOAX EXPOSE

EMINENT PROFESSOR
AT AMHERST COLLEGE
DISPROVES THE
SET FORTH BY

Dear Editor:

I am 25 years old.

Some of my history professors say there is no Piltdown Man.

Papa says, "If you see it in *Ya-Hoo* it's so."

Please tell me the truth, is there a Piltdown man?

Joseph Finkel

Univ. of Massachusetts

Joseph, your history professors are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Joseph, whether they be students or history professors, are little. In this great universe of ours, a history professor is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

Yes, Joseph, there is a Piltdown Man. He exists as certainly as term papers and hours exams exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Piltdown Man. It would be as dreary as if there were no academicians (or professors) etc. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Piltdown Man! You might as well not believe in Professors! You might get your papa to hire men to look in all the history books to catch Piltdown Man, but even if they did not see Piltdown Man, what would that prove? Nobody sees Piltdown Man, but that is no sign that there is no Piltdown Man. The most real things on this campus are those that neither professors nor students can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? (If you have, don't let it get off this campus.)

No Piltdown Man! Thank God, he exists. A thousand years from now, Joseph, nay, ten times ten thousand, he will continue to make glad the hearts of Ancient History students, and Piltdown Man, that jolly old fellow, will always exist in our hearts.

—Peter Stoler

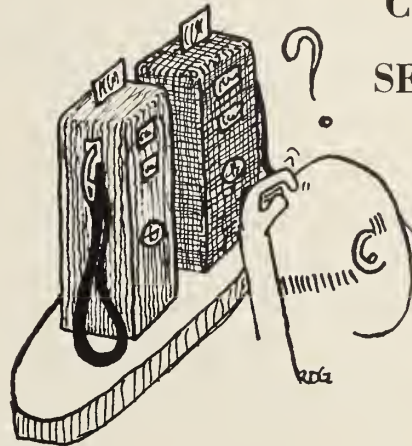
A'Hearn's



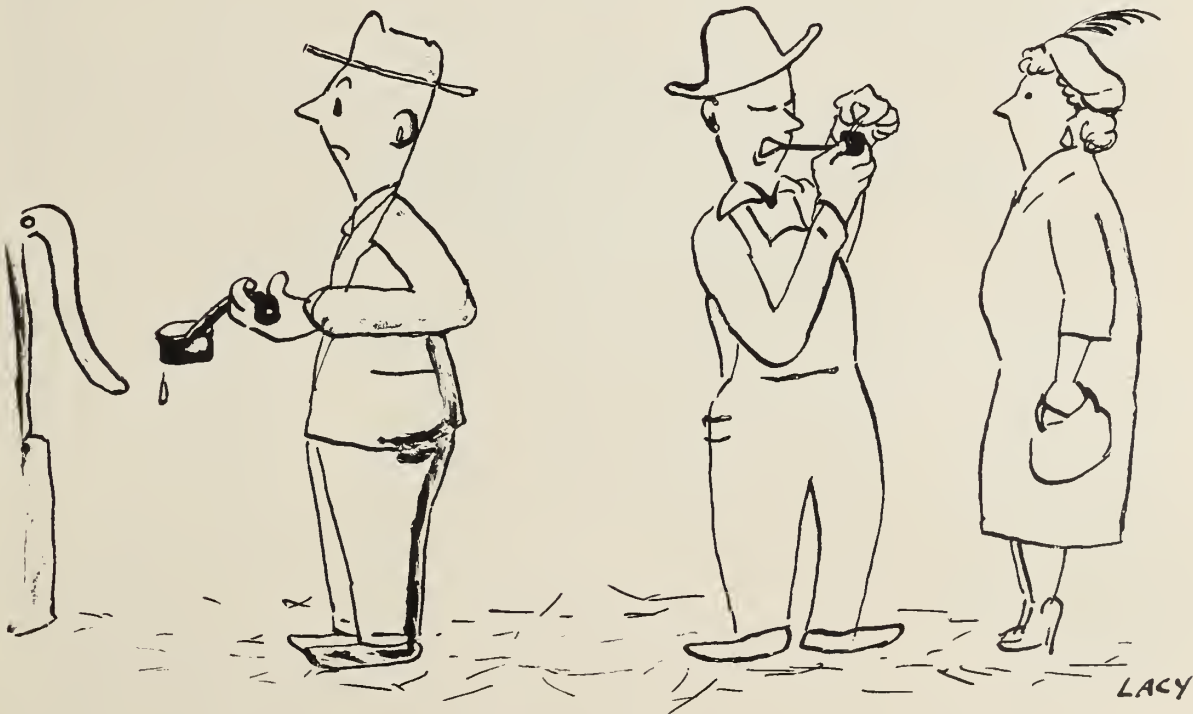
Dress Shop



COLLEGE TOWN SERVICE CENTER



The professor who comes into class 10 minutes late is rare. In fact he's in a class by himself.



"NOW YOU TAKE LAST WEEK; GINNY CUT HER FINGER, THEN WE GOT A CRITTER IN THE WELL BUT WE GOT MOST OF HIM OUTA THERE, AND THEN..."



The Smart Set Goes To The QUONSET CLUB

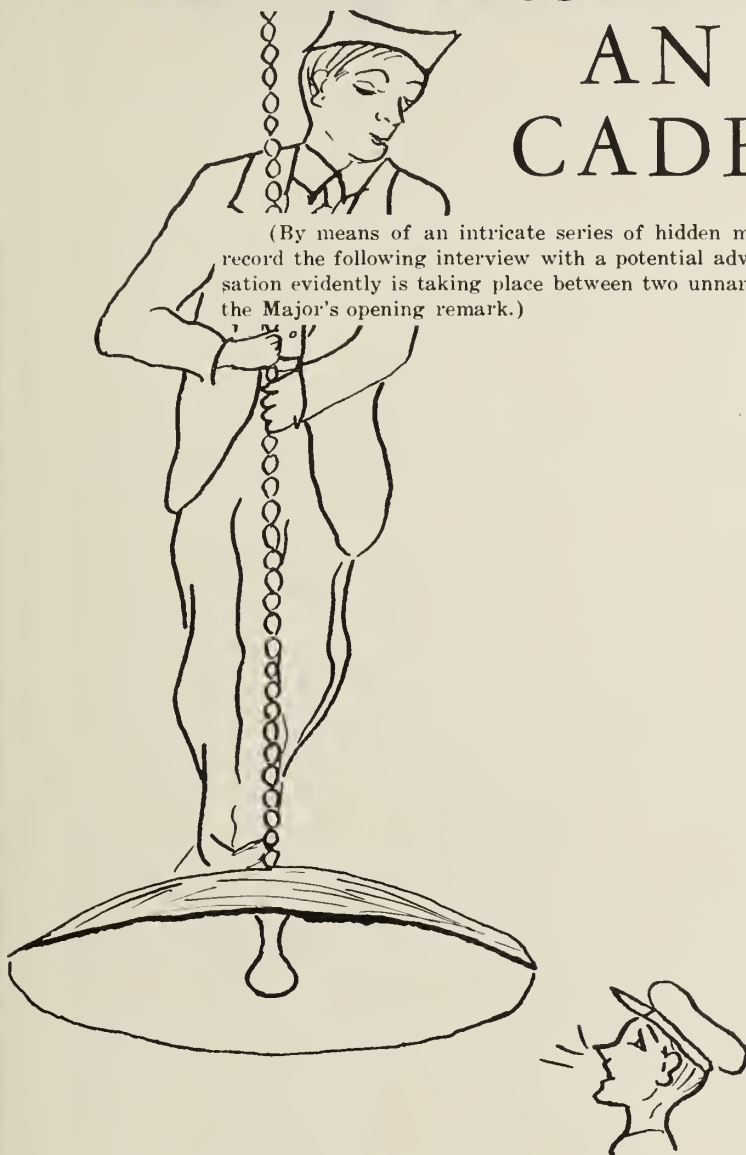


Route 9 Hadley

YA-HOO RECORDS

AN ADVANCED CADET INTERVIEW

(By means of an intricate series of hidden microphones the Literary Staff of *Ya-Hoo* was fortunate enough to record the following interview with a potential advanced cadet by the rmor ROTC organization. The opening conversation evidently is taking place between two unnamed officers, obviously a Major and a Colonel. Listening closely for the Major's opening remark.)



Major: "ZZZZZZZZzzzzzz"

Colonel: (sound of door opening and footsteps entering)
"MAJOR!"

Major: "Hunh? Oh, don't worry, Col. Roosevelt, for once we have taken San Juan Hill there is..."

Colonel: "You were sleeping again!"

Major: (almost inaudibly) "Brilliant, brilliant, you'll make general for this, mark my..."

Colonel: "What did you say?"

Major: "I said, 'Let's not mince words, sir!' After all, we must prepare for the rush of potential advanced cadets!"

Colonel: "Do you really think someone will come!?"

Major: "Oh, there's always one or two who..." (sound of footsteps rushing upstairs, door of room flung open)

Student: "BANZAI!"

Colonel: Oh joy, we've got a live one!"

Student: "BANZAI! KILL! KILL!"

Colonel: "Stop jabbing me with that letter opener, boy!"

Student: "RUFF RUFF! I WANT AN M-I!"

Colonel: "So get him an M-I before he stabs me to death!"

Major: "Calm down, boy! Get off my desk! Stop swinging on that light!"

Colonel: "Must be an Air Force transfer!"

Major: "Slow, boy, calm down, hup! At ease! Whoa! Desist! Halt!"

Student: "BANZAI!"

Colonel: "There he goes with that damn letter opener again!"

Major: "Down, boy, down!"

Colonel: "That's right, just sit down nice and quiet while we ask you a few questions."

Major: "Now, I take it you want to go advanced?"

Student: "BANZAI!"

Colonel: "What did you ask him that for!? Oh, ow, put down that letter opener! Keep away from me! Call the sergeants! Call the marines! Call Alpha Phi Omega!"

Major: "I'll take that weapon from him, sir! Here lad, let me have that! Stop grinning and let me have . . . YAAAA!"

Colonel: "Now, see what you've done? You've killed the Major, haven't you? Majors aren't easy to train boy, sometimes it takes hours. Poor Major, first demerit he ever got was buffalo hairs on his saddle."

Student: "I EAT METAL!"

Colonel: "Your dietary habits are no concern of mine. Now I see you have on your ROTC uniform; proud of it, eh?"

Student: "I ALWAYS WEAR MY UNIFORM! I WEAR IT WELL AND I WEAR IT OFTEN!"

Colonel: "I *knew* I smelled something!"

Student: "BANZAI!"

Colonel: "STOP WITH THE LETTER OPENER! Now, do you want to drive the tanks?"

Student: "TANKS ARE POWER! TANKS WIN WARS! CAN'T STOP TANKS!"

Colonel: "Sure you're not looking for the Air Force?"

Student: "I GO ARMY!"

Colonel: "Your name wouldn't be McArthur? Montgomery? Light Horse Harry Lee?"

Student: "I'M A KILLER!"

Colonel: "Air Force office is just downstairs."

Student: "I GO ARM..."

Colonel: "Planes do more damage."

Student: "BANZ... (pause) huh?"

Colonel: "I said: 'Planes do more damage.'"

Student: (pause) "Is that right?"

Colonel: "Sure, one plane can kill more people than an entire company."

Student: "Fancy that!"

Colonel: "Office is just downstairs."

Student: "BANZ... what do the Air Force yell?"

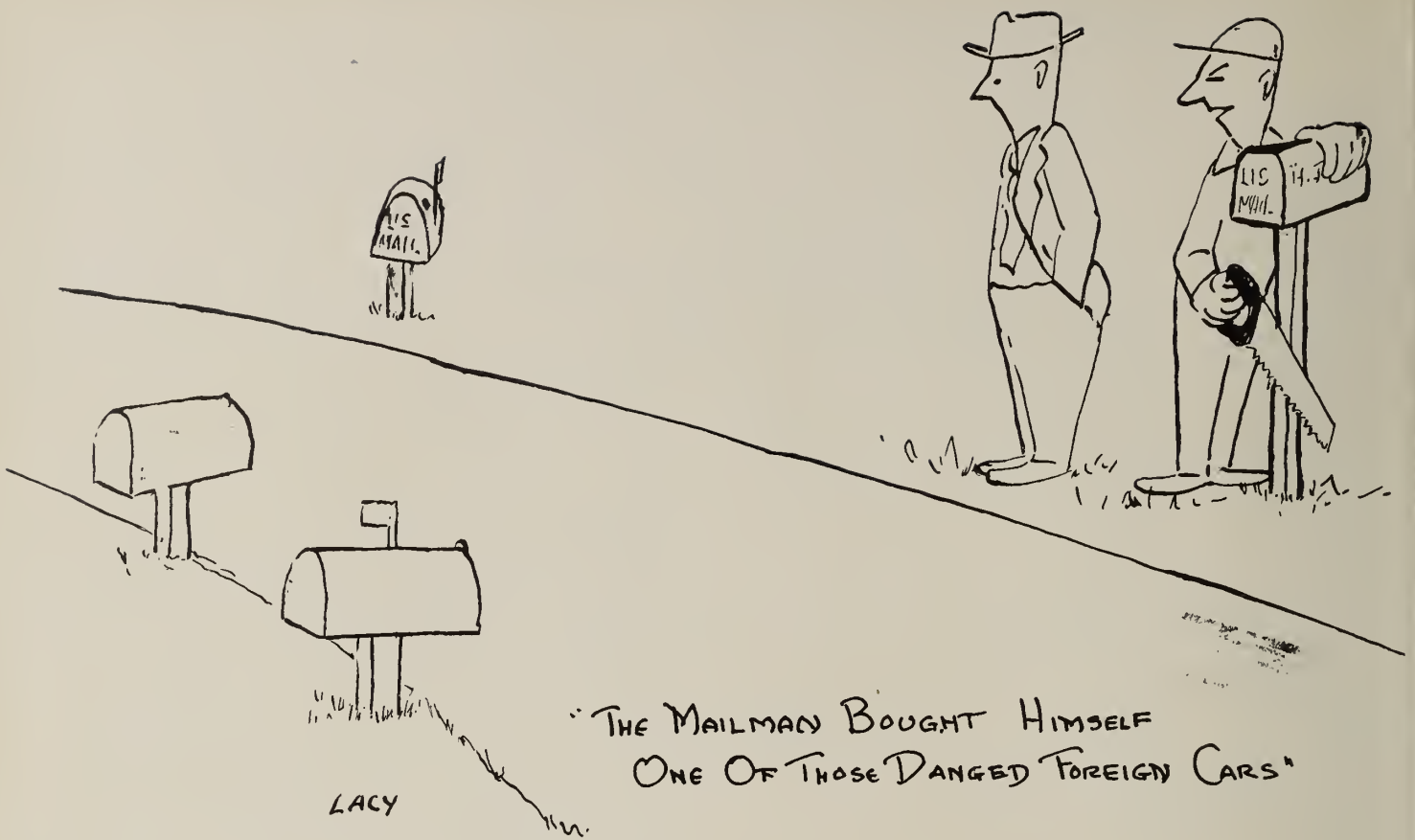
Colonel: "It's either 'Anchors Away' or 'Remember the Alamo, I'm not sure which.'"

Student: "BRUM BRUM, I'M A JET!"

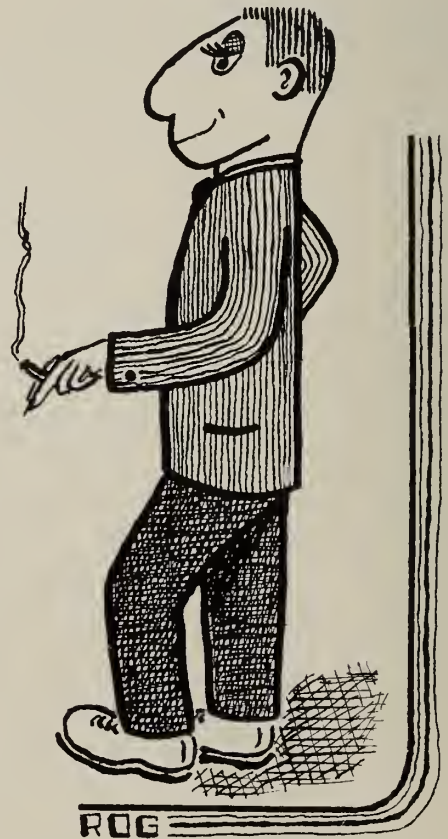
Colonel: "Don't take off through there, that's a window! are you out of your mind, boy? That's a WINDOW! A WINDOW, YOU KNOW: WITH GLASS AND... (SMASH)... (long pause)... Well what do you know, HE MADE IT!"

(At this point the *Ya-Hoo* microphones failed; a later check showed they had been clogged with soot, smoke, and escaping gasses. No reasonable explanation can be advanced at this time other than... but that's impossible!)

—Ed McManus '59



THE GIFT NOOK
AT
42 MAIN ST.
A COMPLETE LINE OF YARN



CLIFF ALLEN

SANTA AND THE FRATERNITY BOY

'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the House,
There were empties and butts left around by some louse,
And the best quart I'd hid by the chimney with care,
Had been swiped by some bum who'd discovered it there.

My guests had long since be poured in their beds,
To awake in the morning with God-awful heads;
My mouth filled with cotton hung down to my lap,
Because I was dying for one more nightcap.

When through the north window there came such a smell,
That I sprang to my feet to see what the hell . . .
And what to my wondering eyes should show up,
But eight bloated reindeer hitched to a beer truck.

With a little old driver who looked like a hick,
But I saw it was Santa, as tight as a tick!
Staggering onward those reindeer they came,
While he hiccupped and belched as he called them by name:

"On Schenly! On Seagram! We ain't got all night!
"You too Haig and Haig! And you too Black and White!
"Climb on this roof! Get the hell off that wall!
"Get going you rummies, we've got a long haul!"

So up to the roof went both reindeer and truck,
But a branch hit old Santa before he could duck,
And then in a twinkling I heard from above,
One helluva noise that was no cooing dove!

So I pulled in my head and I cocked a sharp ear,
Down the chimney he plunged, landing smack on his rear!
He was dressed all in furs, no cuffs to his pants,
And the way the guy squirmed made me think he had ants.

He had pints, fifths, and quarts in the pack on his back,
And a breath that would blow a train off the track.
He was chubby and plump and he tried to stand right,
But he couldn't fool me, he was high as a kite.

He spoke not a word but straight to his work,
And missed half the stockings, the plastered old jerk!
Then putting his hand to the end of his nose,
He gave me the bird, up the chimney he rose!

He sprang to his truck at so hasty a pace,
That he tripped on a gable, went flat on his face!
But I heard him burp back, e'er he passed out of sight:
"Merry Christmas you rum-dums; now really get tight!"



HARRY VOLZARIAN FOUND OUT
About the
"C" STORE
BARBER SHOP

HAVE YOU??

SNOW HER



WITH FLOWERS
FROM
MONTGOMERYS

"Wanna sell that horse?"
"Sure, I wanna sell the horse," the farmer replied.

"Can he run?"

"Are you serious? Watch." The farmer reached over and slapped the horse on his posterior, and the animal went gallumping away.

As the horse reached full speed, he ran smack into a tree.

"Is he blind?" the buyer gulped.

"Hell no," the farmer said easily, "He just don't give a damn."





MOBY DICK

—A humorous satire by Ron Pozzo

Call me Animosity. But what's in a name? A Umie, is a Umie, is a Umie. Having not a sou in my kick I decided I would sail about a little. The combination of my trying to shake a 40 lb. monkey off my back and my unsatiable desire to dig crazy happenings led me to cut my way to Nantucket and make the whaling scene.

The first P.M. on the island I had to share my pad with a king-sized hatchet man named Queequeg. The big "Q" was a cool ghoul with a whaleman's tool. Queequeg and I made like Kai and Jay that night; we blew tomahawk pipe together. After 30 days I found it was much milder than my present brand. Of course my tongue contracted beri-beri, but that's another story.

Next A.M. the big "Q" and I placed our John Hancocks on the dotted line and we became members of the Pequod, a raggedy ship purchased with a G.I. Loan and kept afloat with the help of CARE packages. Incidentally, the Pequod was in the spermaceti oil game. For our labor on board ship we were to receive three slops and a flop per day and a portion of the loot that the vessel made. Not bad for a rake and a bounder.

Stubb, Starbuck and Flask were the three honchos of the ill-fated bucket. Starbuck was the first mate but actually he carried about as much weight as a humming bird's pelvis and was as popular as a call girl on a phone strike. Queequeg was blowing harpoon for Starbuck, while Tashtego and Mr. Magoo blew harpoon for Stubb and Flask, respectively. Unfortunately Mr. Magoo, due to a slight impediment in his vision, got on the wrong ship and a cat by the name of Dagoo sat in for him.

Several ticks out of Nantucket Captain Ahab first made the scene. He looked like a three time loser who was trying to shake a wine kick. Obviously he was very poorly fixed for blades. He strode on a crazy looking leg that looked like one of Benny's old licorice sticks dyed white. It was always nice to look at Ahab because at last I saw a man who was more screwed up than I was. It has been said that one night Ahab threw his pipe into the sea because he lacked the serenity to go along with it. Actually it was because he had wanted to live modern so he switched to L&M. Ahab had been whaling since Moses (of biblical fame) was a midshipman.

Ahab called his group together one day and gave out with a good bit. He offered Dave Brubeck's new side *The Sweetheart of Sigmund Freud* to the first cat that had "Large Eyes" for the craziest whale of 'em all, "Moby Dick," whose head was as white as a stereotyped winter carnival. To commemorate this occasion the brthren had a beer party but due to the circumstances no chicks were invited.

To digress a bit and fill in the facts for the novice English student, Moby Dick had chowed and bowed with Ahab's Tibia-Fibular, picked his teeth with his Femur, but spat out his Patella; it seems it was a bit too gāmey. Anatomically Ahab was a mere shell of his former self.

In the immortal words of Captain Ahab: "What I've dared I've willed; and what I've willed I'll do. They think me mad; but I'm demoniac, I am madness maddened." The preceding lines constitute a crazy bit but Ahab could have saved himself many wags of the tongue if he simply had said, "That whale bugs me, man."

Ahab made it back to his pad after that and he continued to drain the grape. Meanwhile back at the poop deck, there had been no sign of the "White One." By this time the crew was going "APE" so they decided to do some "wailing" of there own. They formed a swinging group out of the various ships that fell by their bow. This quintet played nothing but cool sounds. They featured Jereboam on bass, Rachel on vibes, Albatross on the piano, Bachelor on drums, and the great Samuel Enderby on tenor. This session was too much for Pip. He went right out of his skull. Too bad because he had been the head flunky up to that time.

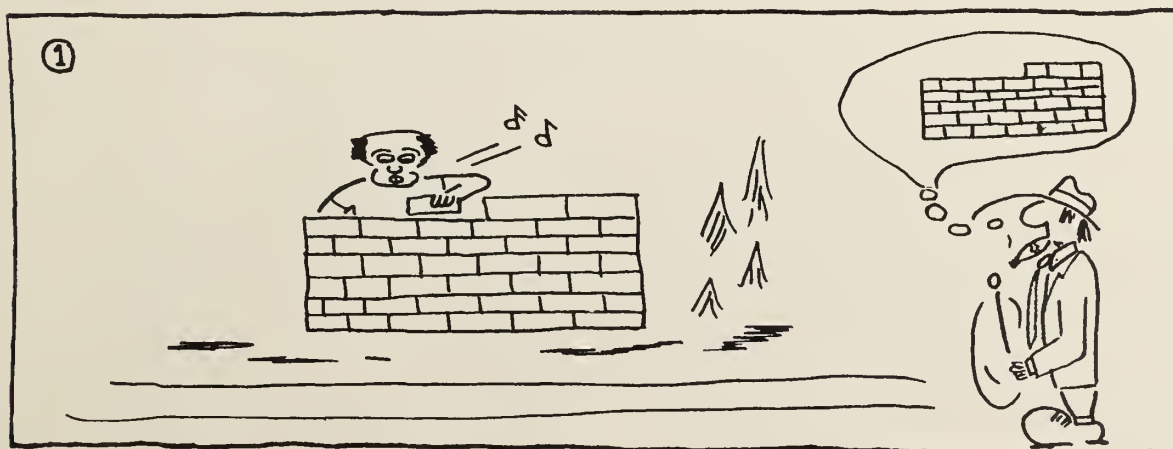
While the rest of the crew was catching up on some "Z" time, the cat in the crow's nest spotted the whale that is the cause of every English 26 student having to read 566 pages of H. Melville. As you know, the craziest whale of 'em all won out over Ahab and his third herd. He swivel-hipped and rock and rolled himself to fame which only recently has brought him to Hollywood to star in a flick bearing his own monicker. *TIME* has him up for an Oscar. It is rumored that CONFIDENTIAL is writing an expose about him. It seems that he has been seen in the shady spots too often with Trigger. Moby Dick is also very prosperous in the business world. He owns a chain of car hops on the Cape. Not bad for a mammal. As for me, I died.

In Our Next Issue

(The editors of *Ya-Hoo* will be proud to welcome to these pages several distinguished faculty feature writers beginning in the next issue with "Is English Worth It?" by Dr. Maxwell H. Goldberg and soon to be followed by "To Hell With Zoology" by Dr. Gilbert L. Woodside. Also featured will be:)

Adventure	"Lover's Lane's My Beat" by Red Blasco
Exposee	"Let's Stop The Cigarette Sin Traffic" by Dean Helen Curtis
Travel	<i>Ya-Hoo</i> Visits Phoenix City
Humor	Excerpts From The Quarterly
Sports	"Move Over, Celtics!" by Jack Foley
True Confessions	"I Burned Joan Of Arc!" (Author's name withheld to prevent retaliation)
Health	"Height Doesn't Mean A Thing!" by Toulouse-Lautrec
ROTC History	"Yeah, I Went Advanced" by Genghis Khan

(Ed McManus)



PORTRAIT OF A GENIUS

(In order that I may be of service to the countless struggling freshmen endeavoring to overcome the initial pitfalls of campus life I would like to relate a true and unvarnished story of a man who overcame every obstacle that Nature could hurl before him. His name: Edison Arg. His story: "Portrait Of A Genius.")

The customary place to begin a biography oddly enough is at your character's beginning. But in Edison's case I don't think this is necessary for his childhood was as typical as yours or mine: he drank heavily, became addicted to narcotics, and tortured smaller children.

The Arg family was very poor. Edison's father was an itinerant ventriloquist who could not afford a dummy and so at a very tender age young Edison was drafted into the act. This was a job he held for only a few months for, as he explained to his father, "I don't mind sitting glassy-eyed on your knee, but that string running through my neck hurts like hell." Though he quit one act he could not forsake show business entirely. It was in his alcohol stream.

Edison disappeared from the stage for several years until one summer's evening when "Rock and Roll Arg" made his debut before mobs of screaming bobby-soxers. But this venture was doomed to failure also for, despite his twelve-inch sideburns, poor Edison could only sing on key and he had acquired the nauseous habit of blowing his nose in a handkerchief instead of on his sleeve. When his fans saw this they traipsed sadly from the theatre in quest of a new idol.

Yes, Edison had his share of heartbreaks, but it was a determined young man who broke into the family kitchen that same night shouting, "Mother, I want to be a Ph.D.!" His graying mother rose from her task of peeling potatoes and laid her hand on her son's shoulder. He felt a warm feeling surge through him. She had forgotten to put down the paring knife.

"Son," his mother said, "it takes great gobs of money to become a Ph.D." "Verily, verily," cried young Edison, who was unusual in more ways than one, "but once I have my degree look at all the money I'll save on haircuts and shaves!" "Not to mention clothes!" added his cocker spaniel, for his father still couldn't afford a dummy.

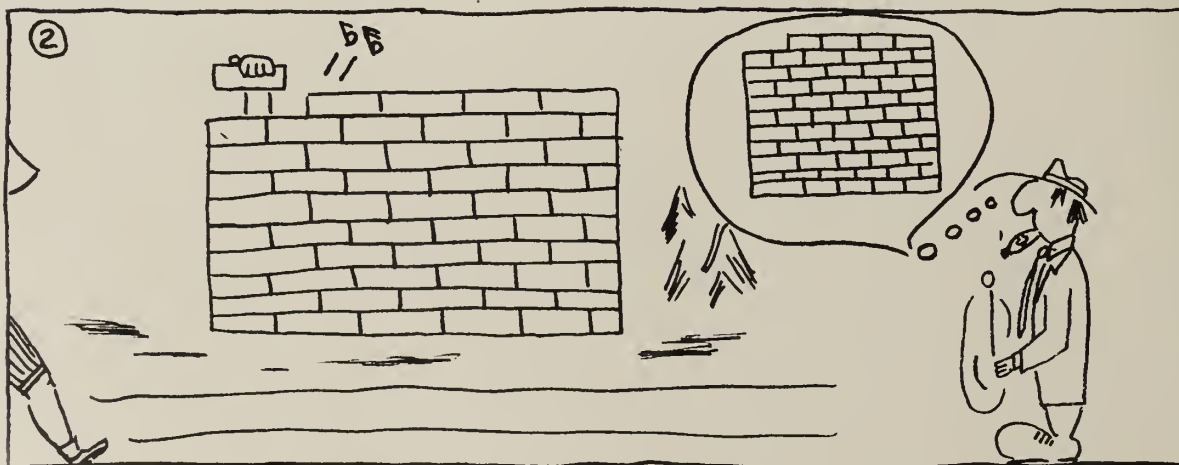
Thus it was that the new life began. Edison worked and cheated and studied until finally he received a degree in chemistry. Immediately he ran to his laboratory to invent something and after months of concentrated effort he came up with a new acid that could eat through any substance in the world. He took it hard when one of his colleagues asked what he intended to keep it in.

"Back to the drawing boards!" screamed Edison as he once again barricaded his doors. For five years he slaved without food, rest, or hooch, until finally he invented a new means of communication which he hastened to show his mother. "See dear mother," he began, "there are two parts to it. You hold this piece to your mouth and talk through it. The other you keep clasped over your ear to listen. As soon as everyone has these we'll issue numbers and you'll be able to speak with anyone you . . ." His mother put her arm around his shoulder and whispered in her darling son's ear. For six months Edison sulked in a dark corner mumbling, "To Hell with Graham Bell!"

But Edison Arg was not a man to quit! It was very shortly after his recovery that once again he ran screaming into the family kitchen: "Mother! I'm going to be a zoologist and spill formaldehyde all over me and smell like a decaying specimen and . . ." But alas, in his haste he slipped on an ameoba and was impaled by the scalpel he bore in his pocket.

Thus ended the brilliant career of Edison Arg, Boy Genius. But Edison will never be forgotten. He will live forever in the hearts of grateful collegians. Ladies and Gentlemen, I give you our rallying cry: "Arg!"

—Ed McManus '59



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"I say old boy, aren't you dating Mary anymore?"

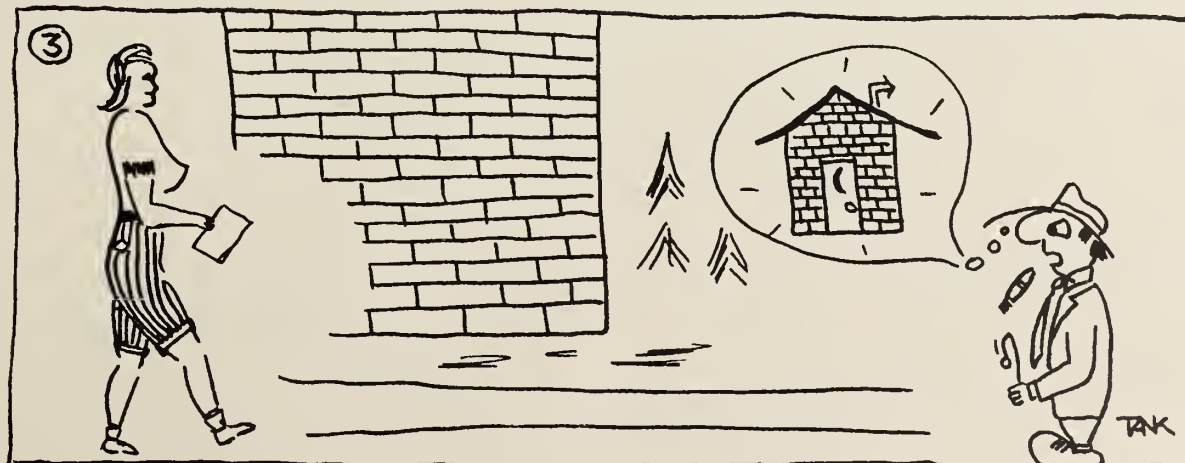
"Nah, I couldn't take her vulgar laughter."

"Well, I daresay I never took note of that particular shortcoming."

"You wasn't there when I proposed."

Amherst Man: Why did you leave your girl's house so early last night?

Williams Man: Well, we were sitting on the sofa when suddenly she turned the light off. Well, I guess I can take a hint.



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Prices starting at .50



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CAPTAIN AHAB SAYS



"BRING YOUR DATES AND
PARENTS TO
JACK AUGUST'S
FOR THE BEST IN SEA FOOD



I GOT IT AT THE

(+)

PEACHMAN

Birth and Early Life

The father of J. Dalbert Peachman was a blubbering, introverted, incompetent, slovenly ex-professor. His mother was a drunk. From birth it was obvious that the child was precocious. Instead of crying like the average infant, he spouted the line "a slice of bread, a cup of wine." The nurses took this in good humor and handed him to his mother.

In the first grade J. Dalbert showed the first signs of that shunning and disdainful intolerance that made him the intellectuals' intellectual. His teacher spoke to him.

"Dalbert."

"J.D. please, teach."

"All right J.D. if it must be, did you know that 2 plus 2 equaled 4?"

"Harumph."

"Well, did you know that E equals mc²?"

Undergraduate Days

J. Dalbert took his undergraduate days at Umieland. The first day of orientation week it was obvious that J. Dalbert was to have a hard time adjusting. When arriving he spoke to the first person he saw.

"Hey you, obese, corpulent and ugly!"

"Who, me?"

"Yeah, you with the two maroon stripes on your stupid looking hat."

"You'll have to change your attitude."

"Don't give me a lot of double talk. Just where the hell is Baker?"

"Now look, Freshman—"

With this last statement much adrenalin flowed and young Peachman forthwith and hence dispatched post-haste a size 11½ crisp new buck into the gentleman's abdomen and nether portions. While the upperclassman lay groaning, young Dal leaped five feet in the air and came down with a double knee drop that did in much rib cage, then left him hemorrhaging internally in the middle of North Pleasant Street.

It was later in that first semester that J. Dalbert was requested to leave. This was after he had removed the visor from his beany, donned an overly large black robe, placed his feet in his shower sandals and roamed the campus posing as Ba-ba-gou, the prophet of the maroonist cult.

Life in Europe

Next was the Europe phase. It was here that he wrote "Narcotics for Ivy Leaguers" after being inspired by the invention of the syringe with the belt in the back. He continued his career of colorful infamy and became known as a savant, gourmet raconteur, bon vivant, and gigolo.

It was not strange to see him strolling the Champs with his arm around some matronly countess, a bottle of champagne in one hand, a bunch of grapes in the other, and a song or poem on his lips. This was his fleshy period. It was at this time that he wrote those famous novels, *Flesh and Flowers*, *Songs of the Flesh*, and *Flesh, Flesh*. This period came to an end when, after sacking Monaco, he was requested to return to his native land.

Later Life

He settled in the upper Amazon valley, where he wrote his truly great works, "The Simplicitudes I, II, IIA, III, AB, and IX." His son, born of a mal-nourished Indian woman, showed signs of genius in his first days, but later suffered a regression and died of pleurisy, a babbling idiot. A surviving daughter, though, went on to become Miss Universe.

Peachman died at the age of fourteen of jungle rot, malaria and a poison dart.

—Billy Lee

YA-HOO INTERVIEWS CAMPUS POLICE

Roving Reporter: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, this is your roving reporter with an ont-the-spot interview with "Red" Blasto of The University Campus Police. I've had a bit of a time locating Red but... ah, there he is now.

Red Blasto: Sorry I'm late, but I just got back from the infirmary.

R.R.: Something wrong, Red?

R.B.: Yeah, an ambulance just rushed in an accident victim.

R.R.: Oh, you directed traffic?

R.B.: No.

R.R.: Oh, then you helped carry the stretcher?

R.B.: No.

R.R.: Then what did you do?

R.B.: I tagged the ambulance, they had no right to park there!

R.R.: I see.

R.B.: No sticker, nuthin'!

R.R.: Yes, I can...

R.B.: Like I told the guy, 'Don't hand me no sad tales, I've heard 'em all!'

R.R.: That's reasonable enough...

R.B.: I've had the course, just don't cross Blasto!

R.R.: No, Red, but I would like to ask you a few...

R.B.: Did you see that?

R.R.: See what?

R.B.: That guy with the crutches just stepped on the grass!

R.R.: No!

R.B.: Yes! And right in front of that 'No Walking' sign!

R.R.: Well, maybe he didn't see the...

R.B.: Watch me hit him with my club.

R.R.: No, Red, he didn't mean to...

R.B.: I'll pound him into the ground.

R.R.: No, Red, it was an accident, he...

R.B.: I'll crush his cranium.

R.R.: I think he's the dean's nephew.

R.B.: I'll bat his... what was that again?

R.R.: I think he's the dean's nephew.

R.B.: He probably didn't mean to step on the grass.

R.R.: That's what I figured.

R.B.: It was probably an accident, poor guy maybe didn't see the eight-foot sign right in front of...

R.R.: Now Red, to get back to questions, I understand you hold some kind of a record; care to tell us about it?

R.B.: Be glad to. I gave out three thousand, four hundred and eighty-four tickets!

R.R.: In one year?

R.B.: No, yesterday.

R.R.: Yesterday?

R.B.: Yup, tagged one car eleven hundred times. I'd wait 'til he went in to pay his fine and then I'd creep up on him again! HAHAAHAHAHA!

R.R.: Didn't you also do something with the signs?

R.B.: Oh yes, that was one of my gems! I took all the 'No Parking' signs down and then when everyone left their cars I tagged them! I love to write out tickets! I LOVE TO WRITE OUT TICKETS! HAHA, WRITE OUT TICKETS AND GET NAMES! I LOVE TO GET NAMES, NAMES MEAN TICKETS! HAHAAHAHAHA!

R.R.: Red...

R.B.: HAHAAHAHAHA!

R.R.: Easy Red, take it slow.

R.B.: HAHAAHAHhahahaha...

R.R.: All right now?

R.B.: I feel fine, thanks, it's just every so often these spells come over me and...

R.R.: Sure Red, we understand.

R.B.: Awfully nice of you.

R.R.: Don't mention it.

R.B.: Do you mind if I just copy down your name?

R.R.: I insist.

R.B.: You're a prince. Would you like to see my gun?

R.R.: No Red, I just want to ask you a few...

R.B.: The handle's all notched.

R.R.: No Red, I just want to ask...

R.B.: You don't want to see my gun?

R.R.: No.

R.B.: What have you against guns?

R.R.: Nothing, I just...

R.B.: Then why won't you look at my gun?

R.R.: BECAUSE I DON'T WANT TO SEE YOUR DAMN GUN!

R.B.: You didn't have to yell.

R.R.: Well I'm sorry but...

R.B.: No one's ever yelled at me before (sniff).

R.R.: Red, I didn't mean to... here, use my handkerchief.

R.B.: Thank you. (Whoosh).

R.R.: Fell better now?

R.B.: A little.

R.R.: All right if I go on?

R.B.: Yes, I'm all right now.

R.R.: Now Red, to get down to business, how long...

R.B.: Don't move!

R.R.: Huh?

R.B.: I said: 'Don't move!'

R.A.: What's wrong?

R.B.: See that little old lady in the wheel chair?

R.R.: The one that looks about ninety?

R.B.: Yeah, that's the one, look where she's stopped.

R.R.: By George, she's in a 'No Parking' zone!

R.B.: You're right! You're right! Where's my pad? My handcuffs? My whip?

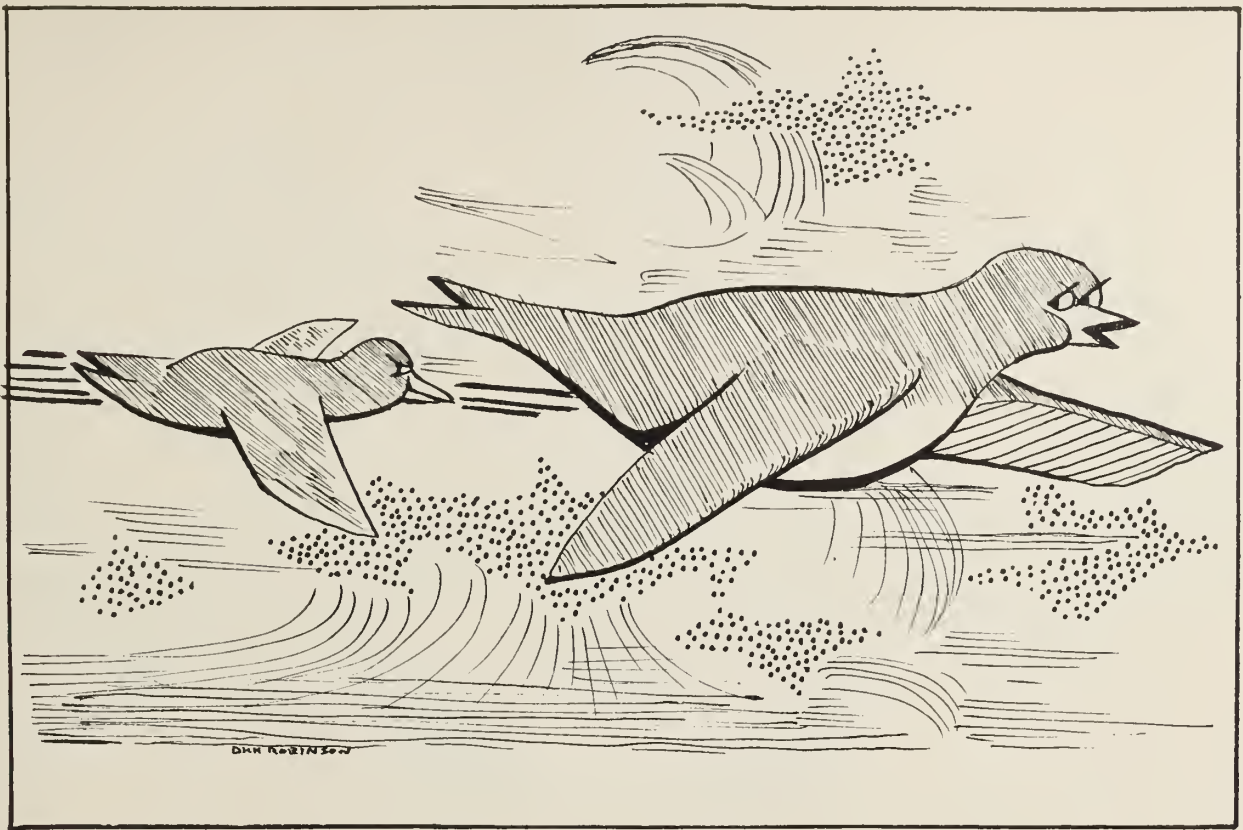
R.R.: Red, come back!

R.B.: Duty calls! (exit).

R.R.: Well, ladies and gentlemen, the call of order has summoned our guardian away from this microphone, but it can never summon him away from our hearts. Oh Protector of the Innocent, Righter of Wrongs, we salute you... RED BLASTO! We return you now to our studios.

—Ed McManus '59

Can the Student Union e'er replace
The room our memories long embrace
A rendezvous for loving hearts
The place where every rumor starts
Flicked ashes in a coffee cup
For hours no one cleans it up
His program one must aptly fix
So as to audit C Store 6
The Student Union will be proud
If there migrates the C Store crowd.



You can at least wait until we get over a gas station, dear.

TIRED of WALKING?
...then See



GIBSON CHEVROLET

An 80-year-old man went to the doctor for his blood test and physical examination before getting married.

The doctor checked him over and then asked, "You mean that you really want to get married at your age?"

"Well, I really don't want to," replied the codger, "but I've got to."

First Harvard Man: I hear you were suspended for suggesting that the Dean was a fish.

Second Harvard Man: Heavens no, my good man! I merely said "That's our Dean," quite rapidly.

Sabrina

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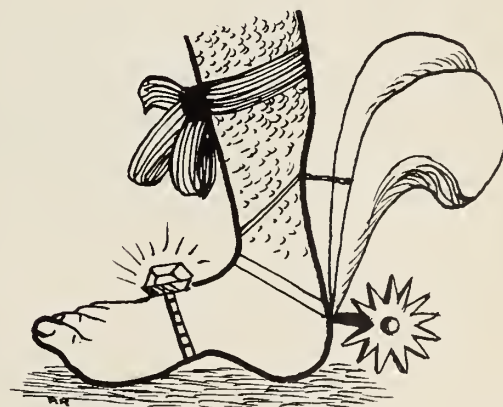
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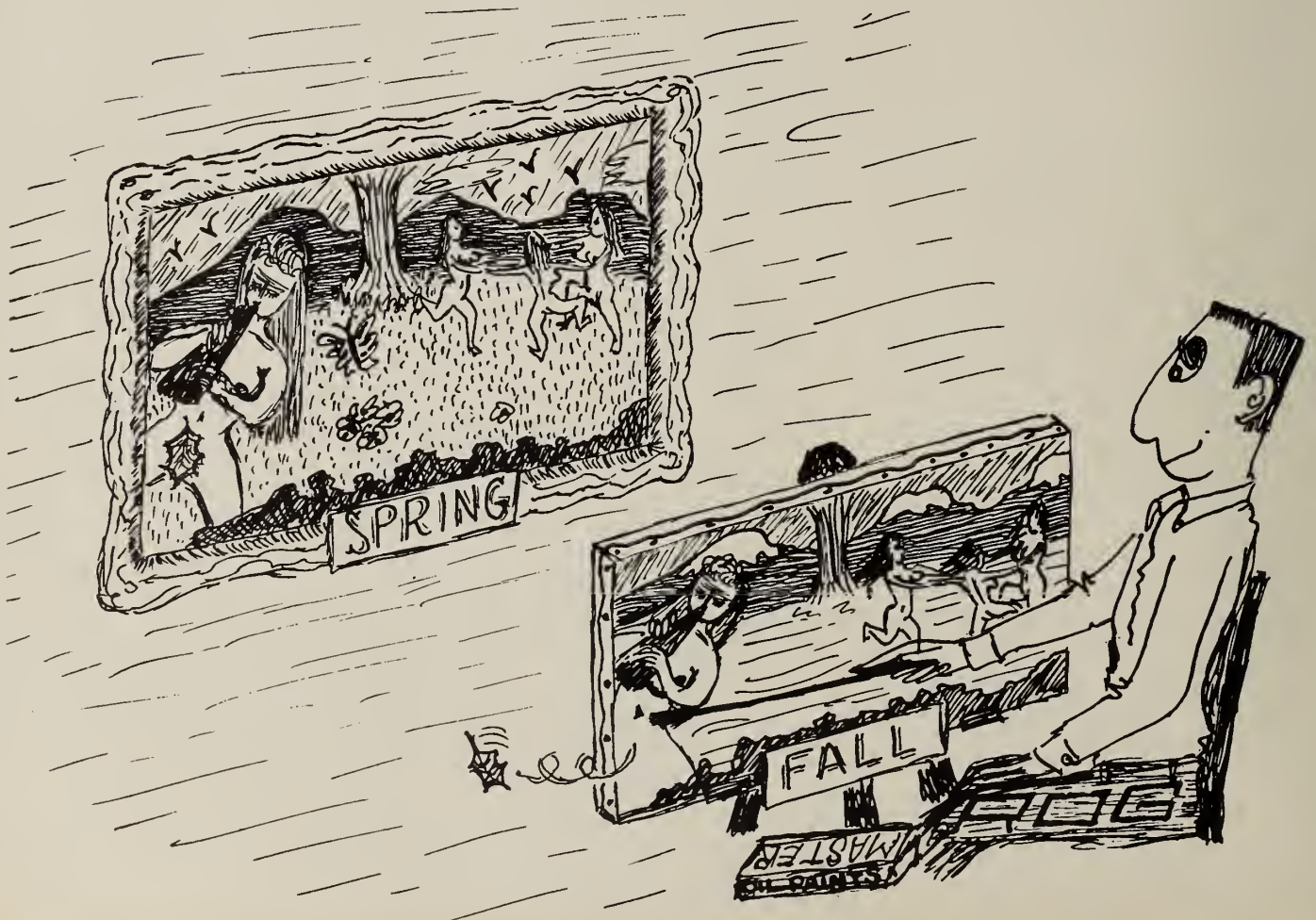


He: "Whisper those three little words that will make me walk on air."

She: "Go hang yourself."



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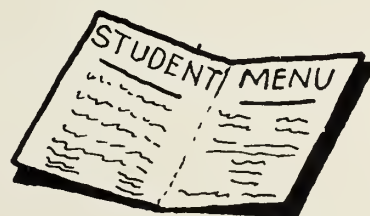
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